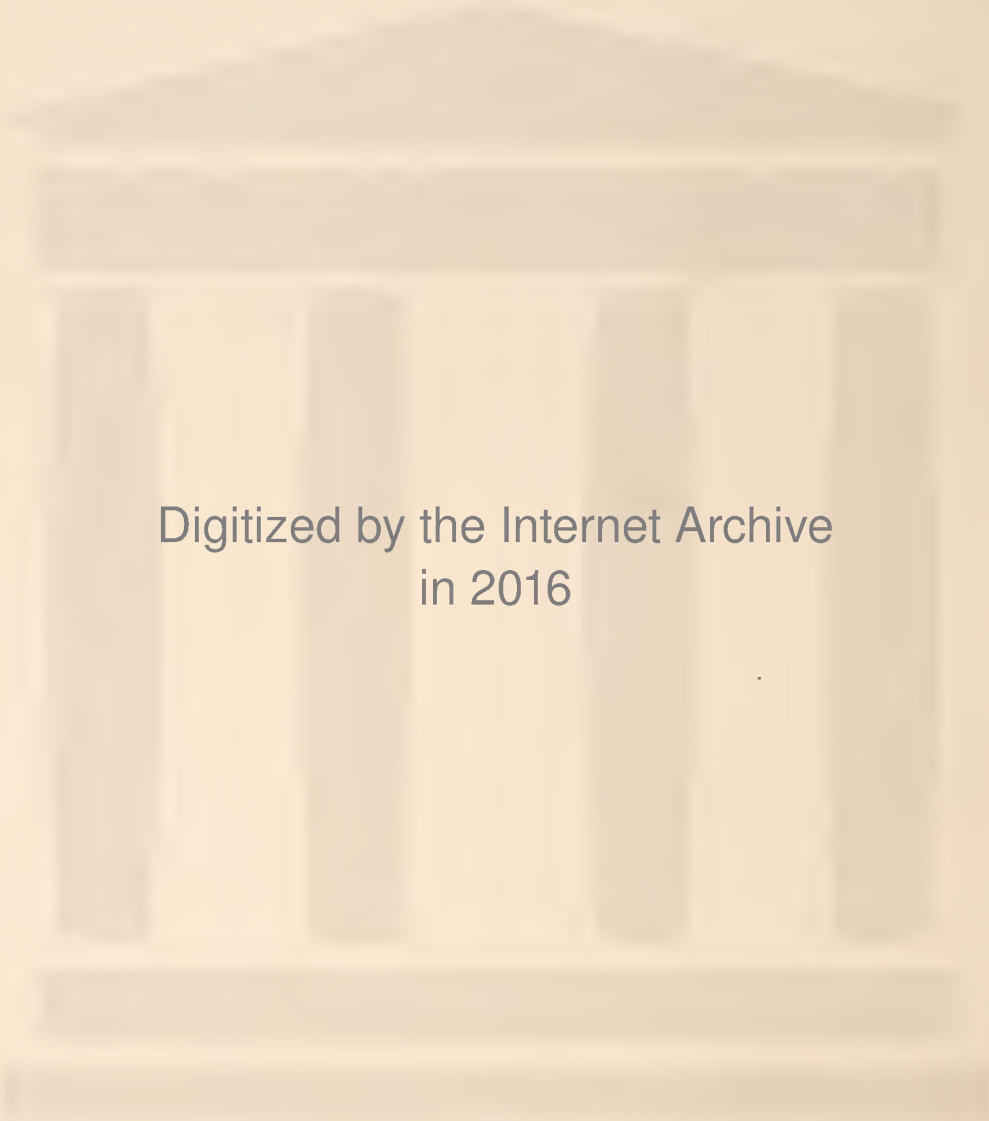


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THE LINDERMANS

BURR

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THE LEHIGH BURR.

VOL. 4.

DECEMBER, 1884.

NO. 4

THE LEHIGH BURR.

Published monthly during the college year.

EDITORS:

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C. E. CLAPP, '86, *Business Editor*.

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE, JR., '86,

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All communications and other matter should be sent to the Managing Editor. All business letters to the Business Editor, Box 497, Bethlehem, Pa.

TERMS:

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Single Copies, each,12

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[Entered at the Post Office at Bethlehem, Pa., for transmission through the mails at second class rates.]

THE Faculty have decided that the student is to be allowed to pick over the bones of enjoyment already semi-denuded on Thanksgiving day, on the succeeding Friday, undisturbed by the shades of Weisbach, Olney, and Loomis. It is a pleasant tribute to the amiability and genial philanthropy of this learned body, that they have done this of their own free-will, thus obviating the necessity of an artistically decorated petition, signed by some two or three hundred names. This last production is of course a literary monument, and the names carry a ponderous weight of influence; but it is much more agreeable to have this sort of thing hurled at you as a kind of pleasant surprise, than to have the labor of formally asking for it. The Faculty have touched a responsive chord in the student's heart.

THE equipment of our Laboratory is so complete that it stands first among buildings of its kind. It is a pity, therefore, that the request the men have made, that they might sit while working, is still disregarded. Stools have

been denied on the ground that their use will tend to make the men idle and negligent. It does not seem possible that men who have so much work to do, that they are to be examined on subjects which they have not had sufficient time to touch—who have worked extra hours on Saturdays and every other holiday granted them, in order to complete the schedule of tasks, are likely to become indolent because they have stools to sit on.

As long as there is a certain amount of work for them to do, and a certain amount of time for them to do it in, it should interest no one but themselves whether they do that work on their feet or on their heads. It is very probable, at least so it would appear to us, that the mind would act more easily if the body was at rest; and that if good work is wanted, it could be obtained much more satisfactorily from men who are not trying to confine their attention to a subject, while their bodies and limbs are weary and aching with standing from three to four hours. The workers in the physical laboratory have had seats for the past year, and we have yet to hear complaints from either professor or students in that department. Stools are not as essential as Bunsen burners or speaking-tubes, which are a great convenience—they are not an educational necessity; but if they would make a hundred men more comfortable for from four to six hours a day, we can not look upon their introduction as a luxurious extravagance or an unnecessary evil.

IF the college expects to continue the publication of this paper during the succeeding years, it will have to show a decided increase of a desire to support it. This is no private enterprise—it is a publication by the students, and for the students, and every one should feel, that upon him devolves a responsibility of making it an exponent of the college's senti-

ments. If the present utter inattention to its needs continues to exist, there will be no election of new editors possible at the end of the year. The students seem to manifest either an utter inability or an utter lack of desire to assist in its publication.

The college grows in numbers yearly, and yet the number of men who have any literary aspirations seems to dwindle proportionally. Vacancies exist on the board at present, which are not filled, simply because there is nothing to fill them with. A misunderstanding may exist as to what is required for election—it is simply contributed matter enough to demonstrate clearly to the board that a man possesses ability sufficient to warrant his being placed thereon.

We must confess to a feeling of disappointment, that the exceptionally large freshman class which has entered this Fall, contains so few who are willing to seek for the honor, at the expense of a little exertion. This circumstance certainly bodes ill for the future of the paper.

IN view of the amount of illness among students obliged to take up their abodes in the houses of the Teutons of South Bethlehem, the need of dormitories should present itself in a striking light to the matter-of-fact authorities of mathematical Lehigh. It is safe to say that the growth of the college will be in inverse ratio to the growth of its reputation for physically disabled students. There is no question that if the present state of affairs continues, that reputation will not be slow in gaining ground. With cases of illness too numerous to cite, attributed to bad water and bad drainage, there is faint hope to the contrary. The authorities seem singularly to ignore the well-known proverb referring to the death of the dog with the bad name. The students would willingly defer the pleasure of spending six minutes a day in a more beautiful chapel, if the prospect of dormitories in the immediate future were held out to them. It is indeed re-

markable that the officers of a college, where, as a rule, every real need of the student is met, should insist upon ignoring the necessity of a step so vital to the comfort, and, what is far more important, to the health of the student.

But since, in the past, appeals to the more humane feelings of the powers that be seem to have signally failed, let us entreat them now to look at the question from a merely practical standpoint.

WOULD that we were more stoical. Then perhaps we could calmly act the part of the fox, in the fable of the sour grapes, when we hear that all the colleges of the country are enjoying literary feasts, in the shape of lectures by eminent authors and scientists. But we are not at all like the chief figure of that fable. The fact is that we want a course of lectures here this Winter, and that the authorities, for some reason, or perhaps none, will not accommodate us, and we are forced to go without this much desired educational factor.

Certainly a college that spends as much as Lehigh does on beautifying the campus and buildings, and improving the facilities for learning, can afford to secure the services of several distinguished lecturers, and thereby fill a long-felt void in the numerous advantages which Lehigh offers to the student. A lecture every few weeks would be a very wholesome way in which to vary the monotony of the six hours of recitations, and the half a dozen more of hard study, with which each day of the Lehigh student's life is burdened.

The interest manifested in a series of lectures on Shakspeare, volunteered by one of our professors, shows how much such a boon would be appreciated.

THE refusal of the Haverford sophomores to play with the sophomores of the University of Penna. on account of their having an eighty-six man on their team, was commendable, and the only pity is that the rebuke did not come earlier in the season.

There exists at Pennsylvania a scientific course, in which a man starts with one class and graduates with the next lowest. The men taking this course consider themselves entitled to play on one class team one week, and on another the next. If the young gentlemen were not able to lay claim to the minority law as an excuse for their conduct, it would not be necessary for us to point out to them, that the just and only course for them to follow is, to decide which team they will play on, and play on no other. But it is not only the young men taking this double action course who show this playful indecision, but nearly every member of the 'Varsity team has played on each of the class teams during the past season. They certainly know that such conduct is, to express it mildly, disingenous. Such a state of affairs would not be tolerated here, it may be because class feeling is stronger, or it may be because our students have a more old-fashioned regard for the truth. However that may be, we hope next season the University of Pennsylvania will play as honorably in her class games, as she plays well in her college games, and not introduce into college athletics the principles of Courtenay and Harry Hill.

OWING to dissension among the members of the sophomore class, several facts have come to our notice concerning their course in chemistry. We publish them here for the benefit of the minority of the class, who wished to present them to the Faculty in the form of a petition, but were prevented from doing so by the reluctance of the majority to sign their names, owing to the deplorable fact that, while they agreed in every particular with the statements contained in the petition, they feared the wrath of the authorities as a result of their temerity. The difficulty arises from the fact, that the powers that be expect the sophomores to put a quart measure of work into a pint measure of time. There is nothing in the course of work laid out but what they ought to know sooner or later; the trouble lies

in the effort to make them know it sooner, instead of very much later. The men are only expected to work for three hours four times a week. As the time for examinations approached, however, they have literally boarded and lodged in the Laboratory. Many worked after hours until *twelve o'clock* at night; some have worked *twenty extra hours a week*; and within three weeks preceding the examinations, all the class, with the exception of two, spent their Saturdays working in the building, from nine in the morning until six at night. The cutting of the gymnasium exercise, and the recitations of the different professors, followed as a natural sequence. The classicals, who are only required to work three afternoons a week, have three less acids, which require about ten minutes to analyze, than those who must work four hours; but they are to be examined at the same time. The system hitherto has been to admit the men to examination whether they had completed their work or not, and the students generally preferred guessing at subjects they had not gone over, than taking a re-examination when they were better prepared. It was to prevent the recurrence of this that the petition was to have been handed in. What we have written is the petition in substance. Comment upon this matter is unnecessary.

THE Library is a University institution, and being such, we cannot depart far from the dictates of reason, in supposing that minor considerations are to be subordinated to the *summum bonum* of the student. One detects symptoms of this idea running through the management of the other departments. A diagnosis reveals very faint indications of such weakness in the Library.

A different atmosphere pervades the precincts. On entering you become almost immediately impressed with a humiliating sense of inferiority to library officials. So imbued are you with this idea, that you step up to the desk and ask any one of the three generations of clerks, that may happen to be awake, or un-

occupied, for a book; all the time with an unpleasant consciousness, that their eyes are upon you, that they know you, and considering your helpless position, can be prevailed upon to oblige you. You would doubtless like to have the book if it will not personally inconvenience any of the officials. If they have the book, these same officials will no doubt ungraciously put things in train to find it.

A man who goes to the library to consult old numbers of scientific periodicals, and antique literary curiosities, will doubtless come away extremely happy. But there are some students who are frivolous enough to enjoy reading a little in the general literature line. Can we blame them, if they come away sad at heart, and occasionally say unpleasant things, when they find such works wanting, as George Eliot's, Kingsley's or Reade's; such poets as Southey and Coleridge, together with some of Holmes' prose works, Longfellow's "Hyperion" and "Outre Mer," Dumas, and so on *ad infinitum*? These are books that are likely to excite rather more universal interest than Reports of Agricultural Commissions, or Patent Office statistics. It is undoubtedly a great source of comfort for us to know that we have an account of the last great "cattle fair," a series of reports from the Patent Office, a valuable black-letter prayer-book, and a complete file of all the chemical and engineering journals ever published, up to the last three years, at our command; but this pleasant sense of comfort is somewhat alloyed when we cannot find on the shelves some great novelist, poet, or historian. Those which we have mentioned are of course only the omissions noticeable at a cursory glance.

Then, too, although we are of course supposed to be universal linguists, it might be as well to possess a few translations of the great masterpieces in other languages, for the sake of the freshmen, and the other unfortunate individuals, who have not attained that proficiency in the languages, for which the upper classman is noted.

IN RECITATION.

WITHOUT, the sun draws nearer to the earth;
The shadows lengthen on the sloping lawn;
Within, the student note-book on his knee
Stifles a faint suspicion of a yawn.
The grave professor's monotone but serves
To soothe his senses into drowsy ease.
His head nods slightly, drops upon his breast;
The note-book falls unheeded from his knees.
And now the close air and map-covered walls
Change to a background of dark, pungent pines;
A salty sea-breeze bears the fish-hawk's cry,
And murmuring breakers roll in broken lines.
Again he's one of a light-hearted few
Who dine like gypsies by a shaded stream,
Where the white cloth is spread beneath the trees
Which turn or filter down each wandering beam.
Or else in modern tournament he vies;
In flanneled case, with racquet or a lance,
He strives for favor in his partner's eyes;
And thinks his toil rewarded by a glance.
And so he lives the summer o'er again,
Until the bell's clang, and the shuffling feet
Wake him to stern realities once more,
When dreams of ease and duty seldom meet.

THE. HACK.

FOOT-BALL.

HAVERFORD VS. LEHIGH.

THE last game of football was perhaps the most depressing. The team with but one exception anticipated an easy victory; the college as a whole demanded it. The team started out contemptuous, gradually grew annoyed, and finally, sulky and indifferent. Their opponents were eager from the start and went in to win. They accordingly won. They won by a perfectly fair game, their surprise at seeing a man off side being somewhat amusing. Fair play in these smaller matters is not perhaps observed as it should be. The Haverford team played a fair, hard game; and their enthusiasm, contrasted with our team's indifference, was most refreshing. The score was 36 to 12. Mr. Wittmer, of Lafayette, refereed the first half, but the Haverford men objected to him without any apparent reason, and a gentleman of their own choosing acted as referee for the remainder of the game. His innocent enthusiasm over every good play of Haverford, was a novel

spectacle, and his total ignorance of the game was something quite original. White and Bettie were both hurt during the game; they did the best playing for their team. Reed's playing was also marked. No one in the Lehigh team played much worse than any one else, but no one played any better. Too many defeats had crushed their ambitious hopes. They have not enough enthusiasm or pluck to play an uphill game. The Haverford team played with several subs.

With the Haverford match the foot-ball season came to a close. It was about time, since the men were not fitted to cope with the teams they met, and further matches would only have terminated in further defeats.

Those of our students who most freely express their disappointment at the unsuccessful result of the team's work are those who believe the game is one in which the strongest and roughest players win. Only those who have seen any of the three best teams of this year play can appreciate how much science there is in the game, and how little of it can be learnt in three months' practice of an hour a day. We are not discouraged as yet—we prefer to wait another year. Then, as the men have learnt the rudiments of the game, they can devote their time to tricks, and to passing and kicking, in which they are most lamentably ignorant.

Next year we hope to see a more regular attendance on the part of the team at the athletic grounds, more power in the hands of the captain, and more obedience and discipline in the team.

The team's numerous shortcomings were recounted in our last number, their main fault is one which practice will not overcome. We mean that the half-hearted manner which characterize their playing towards the end of the season is their chief fault. What disheartened and discouraged the spectators, was the fact that the team did not seem to care. Until they learn to go into a game with the determination to win or break their necks they will remain where they are—at the foot of the list.

THE HOUSE ON THE SWAMP.

BY CONWAY MAUR.

I.

“WANTED, a governess, young, beautiful, and attractive in every respect. Must be an excellent pianist, conversationalist, and not liable to catch cold—C. Renard. Mudbog Junction.” I read the above advertisement with joy. I suited it in every particular. Without further hesitation I wrote to accept the position; bade my mother farewell; and departed. On alighting at Mudbog Junction I was met by a young gentleman named Hugh Lawrence, who blushed becomingly when I mistook him for Mr. Renard, who in turn showed his handsome white teeth, cheerful countenance, and iron will, by subduing two dogs at the other end of the station. He walked home reading his letters while I rode with Mr. Lawrence. As we approached Mr. Renard's home he said to me, “Excuse the frankness of a total stranger, but don't let them put you near Mrs. Renard's room; and on the whole, if you have an excursion ticket, you'd better take the next train back.” At this moment Mr. Renard appeared before us. The gentlemen removed their hats, exchanged looks of mutual hatred, and departed. The house before me was covered with ivy and several mortgages; not, however, by insurance, as its moist condition precluded that expense. The moisture was in all probability owing to the close proximity of a pond in the back yard, and a swamp which spread a luxuriant growth of cat-tails, poison vines, and tomato cans where the park generally is. My impressions on the whole were not favorable, although Mr. Renard smiled cheerfully and showed his white teeth.

II.

The next morning I made the acquaintance of another inmate of the house, the servant Sarah, who has a wolfish disposition, and who I fear does not like me. Mrs. Renard appeared at breakfast in a blue robe and a distracted air. She is a weak thing and the only

exercise she takes is in gazing abstractedly into vacancy—this does not improve her health. We went to church in the morning, and Mr. Renard endeavored to persuade the vestry to start a penny bank and make him president. As he was the Sunday school superintendent the idea was received with caution. I went to church alone in the afternoon but walked home with Hugh. His conversation consisted chiefly in abusing Mr. Renard. "And what is more" he finally said, "he does not sleep in his own house." At that moment Mr. Renard stood before us. The gentlemen bowed, exchanged looks of mutual distrust and separated. That evening Sarah stole into my room and chloroformed me. I was exceedingly annoyed, and will have to leave if such a thing occurs again. I am sure Sarah does not like me.

III.

This evening Mr. Renard poured his soul into his violin while I accompanied him upon the piano. When I was leaving the room he kissed me tenderly. As I am only twenty and he is fully thirty, I look upon it only as a paternal salute. I don't know how Mrs. Renard would look at it, because he never does it when she is looking. I am such a young thing, too. Mr. Renard presented me with a diamond necklace this evening, he said they were only paste and worth about thirty thousand dollars. He is so thoughtful. I find Sarah has been ransacking my desk and reading my letters from Hugh. The girl really doesn't know her place.

IIII.

I have been away on a visit to Lady Bartlett, where I wore my diamonds with a simple muslin dress. It was very chaste and excited much comment. I went out rowing at one o'clock in the morning with a young man with a flaxen moustache. They said it was not proper to go out rowing so late. I thought one o'clock was rather early, but I suppose I'm wrong. I'm such a dear, innocent little goose. When I got home I told Mr. Renard where all the ladies

kept their diamonds. He said I must not tell anyone else, as I had promised the ladies not to. It was certainly a breach of confidence, but then Mr. Renard is so thoughtful.

V.

I was much surprised to hear this morning that Lady Bartlett's was robbed last night and everybody's diamonds stolen, and by a strange coincidence I found a small bag filled with diamonds in the cellar this afternoon, when I went there to get some apples. They were the same I had seen at Lady Bartlett's. I can't think how they got there. Perhaps Sarah stole them; she's just mean enough to do anything. I told Mr. Renard about it and he was quite interested, but said it was an hallucination. Then he took me into the cellar and showed me that the diamonds were not there. I agreed with him that it was a freak of the imagination. Hearing a strange breathing at my door last night, I opened it suddenly and so startled Sarah, who it seems was soaping the stairs, that I might step, slip, and break my neck, that she tumbled backward and was considerably damaged. It just served her right, I think.

VI.

I saw Hugh to-day. He said such cruel things about Mr. Renard, who is so light-hearted. Hugh says he is a robber and that he starves his wife. Hugh is so prejudiced, for Mr. Renard is so good he proposed taking Mrs. Renard and myself to Italy the other day; and when Mrs. R. would not go, he said mother had agreed to take her place. We would have gone, only I heard from mother, who it seems had not heard anything about it, and had not written the letter with her name to it that Mr. Renard showed me. It is very strange. I am sure Sarah is at the bottom of it.

VII.

I am terribly shocked. Hugh was right all the time. A lot of common policemen came here last night to arrest Mr. Renard for

murder, robbery, bigamy, arson and a few other misdemeanors. It seems he was guilty too. I would never have thought it. Mr. Renard committed suicide by drowning himself in the swamp in the front yard. I felt very sorry for Mrs. Renard. Hugh and I will be married when I am a little older.

THE CHRISTMAS BUDGET.

IT was near twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve. Our Alma Mater sat by the register in the hall of Packer, busy with the Christmas cards she was making for her numerous children. For some she had dainty cards in brown and white colors, with a picture of a diploma in one corner, and a representation of a three thousand dollar position in another; the motto "For a good boy" was engraved across the center. For her less industrious offspring she was filling in with ink a number of printed slips, upon which were inscribed columns of studies and hours for re-examinations. They would not tend to throw a happy halo over the Christmas gatherings. Whilst thus employed, a scraping in the chimney caused her to start from her seat. The next moment the register was kicked out, and the revered Santa Claus himself appeared before her. He had the traditional pack on his back and wore his time-honored fur suit. Removing his cap politely, he apologized for his abrupt appearance.

"I couldn't find any other place to leave my presents," he said, "there were so many chimneys on that other building that I couldn't decide which one to use. If you will permit me, I will just drop them here, as I am somewhat in a hurry." As he spoke he shifted his pack from his shoulders and poured out a miscellaneous mass on the floor.

"I haven't had time to mark them," he said, "so if you will pay attention, I'll just run over the list, and if you will see that that the right people get them I'll be much obliged to you. This is not a Christmas green," he continued, as he held up a wreath, "but an olive branch intended for the Faculty and students in gen-

eral—emblem of peace, significant of the happy state of tranquillity that has existed during the past term. These stools are for the laboratory; this new broom for the library, and this billiard table for the private use of the gymnasium's janitor. This hole is rather neat, I think—it is so arranged that you can pull it in after you; it's intended for the foot-ball team. I've got a horse shoe here for the tennis team, who had hard luck. This may bring them better luck next time, and ward off technical defeats. This canary bird seed is for the glee club, with the hope that it may prevail upon them to sing once a term, at least."

He paused in his monologue until he had placed a huge stone on the floor.

"This is a gravestone," he explained, "for the Lacrosse association, and this bulletin board goes with it. But you seem rather well supplied with bulletin boards. That reminds me," he said suddenly, as his eye fell on that disseminator of inter-collegiate intelligence, the BURR bulletin board, "I've got a cake for those fellows. The 'big four' and their advance agent, I mean. They will take it, won't they?" his saintship inquired eagerly.

"They always do; they take anything they can get," responded our Alma Mater, grimly. "What have you got for my sister colleges?" "Well," said Santa Claus, peering into the bag, "I've got another cake for the Princeton foot-ball team, a copy of 'Don't' for Yale, and some sour grapes for Columbia, who found out that foot-ball was 'a brutal, ungentlemanly game,' after she had been kicked out of the association. Then I've a new yell for Haverford, and a president for Union College, though I had some difficulty in getting anyone to take it. But I can't stand talking here all night, I've lots to do and not much time to do it in. Good night, and a Merry Christmas to you and yours." So saying he disappeared up the chimney, and the sound of his sleigh-bells chimed with those of the college as they sounded twelve o'clock.

THE SONG OF THE LAB.

WITH fingers yellow and black,
 With woe in his noble face
 A sophomore stands in unsophomore-like rags
 Distinguishing acid from base.

"Work! Work! Work!

My progress that of a crab,
 My posture never that of a Turk,
 My song the 'Song of the Lab.'"

"Oh, but to breathe the air,
 Of H₂S quite free!
 And Oh, and oh, for a chair
 For to rest poor weary me!
 When chemicals more I beg
 The instructor bluffeth sore."
 The "Song of the Lab." is a doleful strain
 Whereof we will quote no more.

With fingers yellow and black,
 With face the same as of yore
 The Soph. will stand in the very same plight
 Till examination's o'er.

Flunk! Flunk! Flunk!

Or, Pass! as the case may be,
 Still the Lab., the Song, the Professor, and all,
 He'll curse most heartily.

FIRESIDE TALES.

RECOGNIZING the felt want of patent-backed invertible plots, for the purpose of supplying the numerous Sunday-school organs, holiday sheets, and Christmas numbers of magazines, which "slop over" annually with Christmas glee, we have attempted to turn out a few, warranted to induce convulsive attacks of holiday jollity and merrie glee

THE GRASPING OLD MISER.

Very nearly threadbare, but by means of a little refurbishing may be made quite amusing and instructive. Bright fire—polished andirons—old skinflint sitting in dressing-gown, in miserly computation of the cost of the coals. Despicable character—keeps two or three skinny servants on the verge of starvation, and forgets to speak to them tenderly. Christmas eve—old fossil still suffering from an aggravation of skinflintiness. Small girl in six feet of snow outside, singing carols. Sad memories—own little girl died fifty years ago—tears of repentance—makes assignment of whole property to small damsel and attenuated servants. Goes

out as a street-car driver, amid crackling of Yule logs and swelling Christmas anthems. Grand *finale*—the repentant reprobate winds up by marrying the chilly little maiden, or one of the skinny servants, provided one of them's a female. Both denouements are equally effective.

NAUTICAL YOUNG MAN'S RETURN.

Nautical Young Man crawls around the slimy, weedy, depths of the Indian Ocean, in a mournful state of dissolution, for ten years—family pour forth bucketsfull of salty tears, meanwhile—finally the lost son's photograph hung up in the dining-room, and young man lamentably forgotten. Ten years later—amidst sounds of Christmas mirth and jollity, young man steps in. Slow music turned on—large mustache, brown features—falls in mother's arms, who had just thought about him before he stepped in—father reads a psalm, when the prodigal discloses a tidy fortune, and the lights go out on a scene of bliss and glee.

ELOPEMENT—RECONCILIATION.

Stern father—giddy daughter—attractive coachman—romantic conjunction of two latter—enraged ancestor—"never darken these doors again"—twenty years of poverty and destitution—family ranging from ten to twenty, and just approaching the superior limit, when the inevitable Christmas opportunely intervenes—old man remembers during the holidays that he was married within six months of Christmas—floods of tender recollections—erring damsel, who is no longer a damsel, but a gaunt, sallow old woman recalled—concentrated bliss, while old grandpa affectionately kisses fifteen or sixteen juvenile mouths. The curtain falls with the old man in the arms of the eldest son, who has been supporting the family with a junk-shop on Third street.

REJUVENATED SPINSTER.

Seven Maltese cats and a washed-out maiden of eighty, or thereabouts, gamboling rigidly and sternly through Keble's "Christian Year," and "Lives of the Martyrs" on Christmas Eve—Hears the Christmas bells ring out—plain—

tive memories of herself in the character of a village belle—don't recognize herself in her moustache—buys a bottle of Perkin's "Bloom of Youth." Affecting transformation—janitor comes in—elderly lady simpers and tries to look youthful—handsome janitor "struck"—Matters expeditiously settled—wedding bells—altar of Hymen—happy household, until enamored janitor disappears abruptly—old lady's annuity disappears at same time—wonderful coincidence.

THE NEWSBOY CLOGS THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

Spirituelle newsboy—does good missionary work down in the slums—out on Christmas day with 10-page edition—tries to sell one to an old countryman for ten cents—run over in the act—whole life flashes before him—calls aloud for a minister. Compassionate gentleman with six lovely children rushes out—picks him up tenderly—notices innate refinement—gives him thirteen cents to buy a Christmas dinner for himself—will send a hamper around next week—heroic resolve of virtuous youth—"No, I will carry it home to mother and Nelly." Great and prolonged rejoicing in the "mother and Nelly" household.

VIRTUE IN CHANCERY.

TIM was a great moralist on the subject of ponies, in fact, took every chance he could of doing missionary work among the freshmen, on that point. We were sitting smoking one evening in our room, when three of the last-named species dropped in. They brought another man along with them—a stranger, whom they introduced as Mr. Gilliam of Brown.

We hadn't been smoking and chatting long when Tim introduced his hobby. It was too good a chance to be lost—three freshmen and a stranger. Why, Tim would go down in history as the stern moralist and reformer of his time.

"Young men," said Tim, abruptly, "As you value your good fame, never use a pony."

The strain was too great. The three freshmen collapsed—fell into little heaps of human flesh

in the bottoms of their three respective chairs. The stranger looked sympathetic and amused; Tim, triumphant. The freshmen now pulled themselves together, sat up, and tried to look pleased and contentedly happy, but their faces bore a wildly melancholy look, piteous to look upon.

"Yes," began Tim, when the audience had become convalescent from the first convulsion, "It's a vicious practice, hurts the Professor's feelings—uses up much valuable paper, upon which hymns or sacred odes might be written—leads to verbosity, tautology, and virtually cuts short the college course." The freshmen began to droop here a little again, and Tim was frightened at the settled melancholy which overspread their wan features. The stranger now spoke for the first time. There was a pensive look on his face, as he remarked meditatively,—

"You're right; it does cut short the college course—I had a brother—went to college—chronic ponier (Tim thought he could see a tear standing in the right-hand corner of the left eye)—cut off short—no doubt about it—ponying did the work." He was very much agitated.

A gleam of triumph shot into Tim's eye. "There you have it," he said. "Inevitable result. Take warning, freshmen. Maybe, Mr. Gilliam, when you recover from the grief, which such a sad recollection must excite, you would be kind enough to inform these young gentlemen, when this sad event took place. Freshman year, or probably even as late as sophomore, eh?"

The stranger was silent—Tim urged. "Just for the edification of the youths," he said.

"Well, since you will have it—"

"Yes! Yes!" broke in Tim, impatiently.

"Ponying cut that respected brother of mine off short at the end of four years—if he hadn't been addicted, he might have been going to college yet, for all I know. Ponying did it." He went off into a hysterical sort of sob.

Tim turned several of the primary colors with kaleidoscopic rapidity, excused himself,

went out and spent an hour or more heaving a coal-scuttle against several of the neighboring windows. The freshmen and their melancholy stranger friend went off in high glee.

ALMA MATER raised her head

Deep in systems metric,
Filled with scientific plans
Schemes and work electric.

"What a horrid noise," she said,
"And, my dears, how muddy!"
'Down,' and 'Held,' and 'Break his neck'
Don't sound much like study."

"No, Mamma," the children say,
"We've enough of learning;
We've gone in for foot-ball now,
Books and beakers spurning."

"I approve of that my dears
But why look so sadly?"
"Well, to tell the truth, mamma,
Each game's turned out badly."

"What!" exclaimed the parent fond,
"Not a single battle,
Hand me up that ball, young man,
Give those kids a rattle."

THEODORE HACK.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors are not responsible for any opinions expressed in this column.]

MESSRS. EDITORS LEHIGH BURR:—Fully six weeks ago a meeting was held for the purpose of ratifying or rejecting "Lehigh! Lehigh! Rah! Rah! Lehigh!" Very sensibly the latter course was adopted and a committee appointed to submit to the College, within two weeks, a number of cheers from which a selection might be made. This committee seems to have singularly vague ideas upon the subject of time, and the patience of their fellow-men. From that day to this nothing has been heard of this energetic five. A report before Christmas would now be rather useless, as the examination rooms do not afford many opportunities for indulging in so necessary a commodity as a college cheer of our own, but it certainly would be wise in this honorable body to set our minds at rest before the winter sports come off.

Vox.

MESSRS. EDITORS BURR:—It seems strange that in so large an educational institution as Lehigh University, there are no facilities for the whole body of students to acquire a general knowledge of interesting subjects. Lehigh with over three hundred students has no course of lectures, i. e. lectures delivered by eminent divines, great statesmen, or renowned orators. At the majority of other colleges some such a course of lectures is established and supported, in some instances by the colleges, in others by some association or body of students in the college.

However advantageous such a course furnished by the trustees of Lehigh would be, yet we think, that with the number of eminent professors composing our faculty, it would be unnecessary to address this plea to the trustees. For were each professor alternately to deliver a lecture on some subject connected with, and bearing upon his particular branch of instruction, a course not only interesting and instructive but also most beneficial would be the result.

One of our professors has for several years been delivering a most excellent course of lectures on English and American authors and their works. These lectures have not been largely attended on account of their not being delivered in a public place, but at the home of the professor.

Our senior professor delivers weekly lectures on English Literature to the junior class, and by special permission has admitted a few upper classmen to his recitation room, and all who have had the good fortune of hearing them, pronounce them to be polished, interesting, and instructive. Why cannot this professor be persuaded to deliver such a course to the general body of students?

Friday evening and the University Chapel would be the time and place for the lectures, which could be delivered weekly or even semi-monthly. We make this plea to the honorable body of professors and hope it may meet with their approval.

LITERARY STUDENT.

KERNELS.

—It is time something was said about the lunch-room project.

—The system of ventilation employed in the laboratory is said to be perfect, and yet there is no outlet for the gases that collect under the rafters.

—O, why do they call it the 'Varsity Rink,
When its patrons all come from the Mill;
It would be an appropriate title we think,
If they christened it now "Shanty Hill."

—An account book was found on the campus the other day. The first two entries were, Soda, 10 cents; Prayer meeting, 1 cent. It evidently belonged to one of our latest arrivals.

—We regret to add the name of Mr. Mills to the sick list of the University. His absence from the college has caused this number of the BURR to suffer proportionally.

—"You said you could beat our team" Yale cried,
And roared with boisterous glee,
"Your TEAM the Princeton men replied
Not your team and a referee."

—If the students honestly wish the *Epitome* to be a success, they must do something ridiculous, outrageous or victorious very soon, or there will be lack of material for the editors to enlarge on.

—The gentleman in charge of the weather department of the Bethlehems should be requested to resign; his erratic ideas on the subject would easily gain him admission to any well regulated insane asylum.

—And now the nerveless sophomore
Who has struck a sad condition,
Thinks that after all he might have signed
That Chemistry petition.

—The BURR Bulletin Board with its daily clippings from the collegiate press has become an institution. It has robbed the janitor's rooms of its devotees and is responsible for most of the late comers to recitations.

—Those students who intend to include a knowledge of the noble art among their other attainments, should take advantage of the next term's lessons, and allow Mr. Seeley to train their little hands to black each other's eyes.

—A. P. Smith who was one of the originators, and finally managing editor of this paper, is at present engaged on the *Engineering News* and on the *New York Tribune*. An article of his on a scientific subject is soon to appear in an English magazine.

—The *Sporting and Dramatic World* will soon contain an article by R. H. Davis on the athletic interests of Lehigh, in continuation of its series on college athletics. The article will be illustrated with wood-cuts of the gymnasium and the athletic grounds.

—The foot-ball team we understand will lose, both Tolman '85, whose playing at full back served us numerous touch-downs, and Robeson '86, to whose coolness at centre, and to whose captaincy the team owes much of what it did well in its first season.

—In the field sports at the Michigan University one of the events was a chase for a greased pig, the winner was rewarded with a complete set of the works of Charles Dickens. There is a consistency about this that speaks well for the literary culture of Michigan.

—*The Campus*, a college periodical, is publishing a series of reviews on the works of Charles Dickens. Their tone is that of commendation. It is somewhat sad that Mr. Dickens did not live long enough to peruse these essays in the *édition de luxe* in which they will probably appear.

—The register will probably be out before this paper. It is generally spicy reading. Those students whose names appear in italics are those whose standing throughout the term has been over 9.50. There will be quite a number this year. Cut this out and send it home along with the Register.

—A lingering love of foot-ball is still seen among some fanatics, who spasmodically kick the leather around the college campus; but the grass is too soft, and they find it necessary to butt their heads against the tree-trunks every now and then in order to bring back memories of the rock-bound athletic grounds.

—*The Williams Athenaeum* says, that considering the paucity of our board, our last number was "not a bad one." We won't say anything about that, but it is unfortunate that nine editors and two business managers couldn't keep that "Thanksgiving in the Catskills" out of an otherwise creditable number.

—The sophomores agree on one thing with refreshing unanimity, and that is in ringing the praises of their instructor in chemistry, whose assistance during the late long siege, and whose presence when the men were working extra hours, when he might have been enjoying well-earned ease, was most heartily appreciated.

—The symbolic crest of a hammer and pick-axe, or it may have been a T-square black, on a field white, with the motto "Gone to meet the Engineering Society," which appeared as the heading of a notice on one of the numerous bulletin boards the other day, announced to the college at large the advent in our midst of a new and healthy society of mining engineers.

—"The Princeton men may laugh and boast,
And claim the game a draw,
But we'll have you all remember
The score was six to four."

This pointed epigram appears in the *Yale News*. The effort to make "four" rhyme with "draw" is about as difficult a matter as it is, for the Yale men to persuade anyone who saw Moffat's kick from field, that the score should not have been 9 to 6 in Princeton's favor.

—Those students who have four recitation hours in a morning find the lack of fresh air in the rooms very trying. It is impossible to pay proper attention to the subject at hand in an atmosphere poisoned with the breath of preceding classes. The professors who are in the rooms but one or two hours should sacrifice their personal antipathy to pure air, for the students whose ideas of hygiene are more erratic.

—It is depressing but true that the exchanges which flock to our table do not furnish that literary food which cheers and interests. One paper is so very much like the next; so few seem to have any original idea as to the course they intend to pursue or the style of matter they intend to furnish. The *Yale Record* is, perhaps, the best of the lot; the *Yale News* contains the best editorials, the *Argo* the best verse, the *U. P. Magazine* is the most puerile, and the *Madisonensis* has the prettiest cover.

—The *Vassar Miscellany* says, "the English caricaturists are rather behind our own both in humor and artistic execution, but these pictures from *Puck* are often as amusing as they are historical. We never looked upon *Puck* as an historical text-book entirely, but we had an idea it was funny. When the Dutchmen on *Puck* and the dudes on *Life* are preferred to the English caricaturists, Du Maurier and Feumel will take to sweeping crossings, and Lech and Cruikshank will turn in their graves.

—There are certain things that appertain to the dignity of a student which should not be neglected. One of these is that he should always act as a gentleman, and another, which is no less important, that he should dress as one. We see no objections to knickerbockers as a college costume, but the freshmen who persist in wearing them on Sunday, not only to chapel but to the larger churches, should remember that they do not give an impression of the ba-adness and general worldliness of the wearer, as much as of his unfortunate lack of knowledge on the conventionalities of this little world. The youths in flannel shirts are also far from perfect; a man need not be either a D'Orsay or a Vanderbilt to appear in clean linen.

COLLEGE NOTES.

YALE.—Donald G. Mitchell has been delivering a course of lectures on English Literature.—52 Sophomores have been warned on account of low standing.—Cleveland's father and Blaine's son were both Yale graduates.—'86 won the class base-ball championship.

PRINCETON.—Gymnastics are compulsory in the two lower classes.—Dr. McCosh thinks that electives should not be allowed until the Junior year.—The Princeton faculty have decided that after January 1, 1885, no Princeton team shall play a match with any college on grounds not belonging to one of the contesting colleges.—A co-operative book-store is talked of.—The Princeton students will present a Latin comedy in the near future.

HARVARD.—Some small boys recently threw the Hare and Hounds off the track by turning the paper "scent" into a back yard.—A proposition is under consideration to shorten the course to three years.—60 Freshmen have dropped Greek, 80 Latin, and 100 Mathematics.—The brass band numbers 110 pieces.—The average necessary for a diploma has been raised from 40 to 50 per cent.—The University Catalogue gives as the present number of students, 1,586; of professors, instructors, etc., 246.—Twenty graduates are on the *N. Y. Sun* staff.

ELSEWHERE.—Efforts are being made to form a glee club at Dartmouth.—Amherst is to have lectures during the winter by Beecher, Nast, Burbank, and others of equal note.—The college property at Cornell is worth \$7,000,000.—President White of Cornell takes a decided interest in Athletics, and is strongly in favor of boating.—Phillip's Exeter Academy's new gymnasium is to cost \$50,000; Bowdoin's, \$88,000.

CLIPPINGS.

—*Sophomore*, (putting up Freshman)—"Give three cheers for '87."

Fresh.—"Three cheers for '87! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Soph.—"Say '88 is no good."

Fresh.—" '88 is no good, but, (*sotto voce*) God help '89."—*Concordensis*.

A hard thing to sit on—the LEHIGH BURR.—*Yale Record*.

TALE OF A TILE.

My autumn tile was all the style
In clear or stormy weather,
But sad its end, and now I blend
My sighs and tears together.
It was my pride of aught beside
Of all my hopes and joys,
But, alas! she sat upon my hat—
That lady of avoirdupois.—*Argo*.

—Dr. Keems says: "Kissing is a purely American habit." Let us remember this, dear brethren, and ever liberally patronize home industry.—*Sibyl*.

—*She*.—"I don't think I shall go rowing with you again." *He*.—"Why not, pray?" *She*.—"Because you only hugged the shore."—*Era*.

WHAT IS A STUDENT'S LIFE MADE OF?

Flunks and fizzles and rushes and snaps,
Out all night and noonday naps;
Prayers and chapel, cuts and marks,
Good hard study and lively larks.
Glee club, athletics, football and crew,
Base ball, field sports, a stand of two;
High stand—something over three,
Editor, lazy man, dude, a degree.—*Record*.

—*Dude*.—"What do you think of my collar?"

She.—(*promptly*)—It reminds me of a whitewashed fence around a lunatic asylum." Perturbation of the inmates.—*Brunonian*.

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